

## ANOTHER LYNCHING.

A Couple of Desperadoes Hanged by a Mob at Waverly, Iowa.—The Jail Doors Broken Down and the Prisoners Swung from a Tree.

DEBQUE, IOWA, June 8.

The Barber brothers, Ike and Bill, whose recent doings and pursuit and capture have furnished material for sensational items of the local press, were taken to the jail at Waverly, Iowa, to-day for some reason the Sheriff took the two criminals back to the Waverly jail. When it was reported that they had been taken back to Waverly, it was considered that it was time for the coroner to get ready for an inquest. Sure enough about half-past eleven o'clock a mob descended on the jail and took complete possession of affairs.

It is said that the mob was led by a brother of Deputy Sheriff Marion Shepherd, and was composed mainly of residents of Waverly and the surrounding country, many of them from the town of West Union, where Shepherd was killed. The mob surrounded the jail and demanded the keys, which of course the Sheriff refused to give them, when they proceeded to break down the doors with sledges. Men with ropes entered the cell, where the boys were confined and in a moment emerged with the prisoners with nooses about their necks. Neither of the boys made any objection to the proceedings. They did not ask for time to pray, and with a calmness born of sheer desperation seemed to look on their taking off as a matter of course. They were taken about three-quarters of a mile from the jail to a clump of trees, where in as speedy a manner as possible the rope was thrown over the limb of a tree and they were hoisted, and so died.

### THEIR CRIME.

The first notable crime committed by them was the killing last September of a deputy sheriff named Marion Shepherd. When asked in regard to the shooting of Sheriff Shepherd last September, Bill said they had worked for a farmer who had cheated them out of their pay, and they ran off with a horse and sold it and Shepherd came to arrest them. He drew a revolver as soon as he ordered them to surrender and fired, the ball striking Bill in the head, and he then drew a revolver and killed Shepherd.

After killing him they skulked to Waterloo, and then took a train from there to Cedar Rapids and Council Bluffs, and went to Clay County, Kans., and bought a ferry on the Republican River, which they ran three months, and afterward hired out as farm hands near there. Being unable to write, they came back to arrange with their mother to leave the country for good. They were always of a roving disposition, and did little work at home, but worked out some for their neighbors and relatives. They decided after their first bloody work to be like the James and Younger brothers, claiming everybody's hand was against them. They were always looked upon as roughs, and were the terror of the township.

When asked if they heard of the murder of a farmer and hired man in Kane County, Ill., in August, 1893, they said not, but they heard that a rich old farmer named Lord was robbed there by two men of his money, watches, etc., but was not hurt by the boys at all. They got wrathful when the case was mentioned and gave evidence of having been implicated there. Parties living near their old home said to-day that after they came back from Illinois, where they had been visiting a sister, they had plenty of money and spent it freely in saloons. They were sworn to stay together, and the fact that he could easily have escaped on the night of their capture, had he not waited to help his brother, indicates this.

### Priest, Parishioners and Physician.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., June 6.

Ansonia is excited over the alleged attempt of Father Byron to compel Catholics to have the medical services only of Dr. Conkling. A parishioner employed a Protestant doctor for his sick wife. She died, and the doctor was sent for, but refused to attend, because Dr. Conkling had not been employed. The woman is now recovering. Last Sunday morning Dr. Conkling went to Father Bradley with a letter of introduction. Father Bradley was ill, and the doctor handed the letter to Father Daley, his assistant, asking him to announce at that mass that Dr. Conkling was coming among them to practice medicine, and to give him introduction to the people. Father Daley did so. Father Byron at the next two masses made announcements to the effect that he was glad that a young Catholic doctor had come among them, and they would no longer be obliged to have recourse to the heretical murderers. He announced that he would not employ any woman who did not employ Dr. Conkling. Father Brady and other prominent Catholics denounced the action of Father Byron. The matter will be brought before the Bishop.

### An Entertaining Postmaster.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 9.

A few months since, Robert Lee, of Collinsville, Ala., removed to a hamlet in the mountains named Driskell. It contained about one hundred inhabitants. Through the influence of friends he was appointed Postmaster, and wrote to the Department that it was a large and growing town and made application for \$500 in stamps, which were sent him. Since that time he has received \$2,000 in stamps. He opened a general land office and flooded the country with printing matter, using stamps as his capital, which he sold at a discount. He had disposed of nearly \$1,800 worth and last week made application for \$500 more. The postoffice became suspicious. Post Inspector Frey, of Atlanta, to-day detected the swindle and arrested Lee. He was put under heavy bonds and is now in jail. He bought a gold watch in this city 60 days ago and paid for it in stamps. He distributed nearly \$300 worth of stamps in this city this week.

### Kidnaped and Imprisoned in an Asylum.

NEW YORK, June 8.

Action has been begun by Lewis F. Sloan against District Attorney McKoon; James F. Roberts, clerk of his office; Thomas Brennan, Commissioner of Charities and Correction; and Warden Lawrence Murphy, of the Island Asylum, as defendants, to recover \$100,000 damages for alleged conspiracy against him and false imprisonment. Plaintiff is a brother-in-law of McKoon, by whose influence, it is alleged, he was kidnaped and confined for three years and ten months on Rikers Island. This was done, it is said, to enable McKoon to gain control of the estate of plaintiff's father, and of which plaintiff was executor.

## The Late Hayes Administration.

Little more than two years have elapsed since the Administration of R. B. Hayes expired. Its termination produced a feeling of relief and gratification throughout the country, in which men of all political opinions shared. How thoroughly despised the Hayes Administration was is shown by the manner in which it is remembered by most representatives of the party that placed it in power. It is seldom mentioned by them without a sneer. While all other Presidents have been honored by the naming of persons and localities after them, hardly any such tribute of respect and sympathy has ever been paid to Hayes. To appreciate the extent of the contempt with which he is regarded by Republicans one need only watch for a short time the utterances made by Republican papers, presenting different sections of the country, and their party whenever they have occasion to refer to the defunct Administration. There is reason to believe that if Hayes were to run again for office he would be beaten in his own State though the general political situation were favorable to his party. The feeling toward him undoubtedly is, due to the fact that the existence of his Administration was a disgrace to the country, a reproach to our institutions. Those who approved the fraud looked with contempt upon it, and still others, who he regarded as the most despised President had not a few defenders. Indeed Hayes has such. We recently quoted a paper that at this late date spoke of his "clean, upright and able" Administration. Its editor has long been an enemy of Roscoe Conkling, and naturally became an admirer of the man who did his best to overthrow the power and influence of the former Senator and was cordially hated by the latter. There are other defenders who were connected, in one way or another, with the Hayes Administration or received favors from it, and still others are men who had to make up for their hostility toward the Grant Administration by professing loyalty toward its successor, like the Republican journals which supported Greeley in 1872, and subsequently felt obliged to surpass in party zeal the staunchest Republican organs which had never wavered in their political allegiance. Two New England papers which more or less openly favored Tilden's election in 1876, endeavored to reconcile their Republican readers by the pretense of attachment to Hayes.

What will be the final judgment of history on the Hayes Administration? No one should venture to forecast it at present. The time to speak of the events of the last few years without anger or partiality has not yet arrived. Still this Administration is a thing of the past. Censure can not hurt it, and its ennoblement will be of no advantage to it. There were undoubtedly some able and patriotic men identified with it, but any Administration of the United States wholly unsupported by such men is impossible. Of the many things which occurred during the four years of the last Presidential term, and reflected credit upon the country a few—very few indeed—were connected with its Government. But how could it be otherwise in a highly civilized and free country? The thing for which the Hayes Administration obtained most credit, at least from its political opponents, was its so-called Southern policy. This policy originated in a political bargain, but when it was bitterly denounced by the Stalwart Republicans, chief Secretary John Sherman, effectively vindicated it by showing that the Administration had no choice in the matter and at the time had the power to treat the South as Grant had treated it. During the term of Hayes' Administration the House of Representatives remained under Democratic control. At the outset the Senate had an insignificant Republican majority which in the middle of the term gave way to a stronger Democratic majority. Aside from the fact that Hayes only performed a duty in not meddling with the local affairs of the Southern States he had no option in this respect. It would have been possible for him to reform the Civil Service. To its thorough and complete reform he committed himself during the canvass of 1876. But the use which he made of the appointing power to reward political crimes was more discreditable than the nepotism of General Grant. Whatever may have been attempted or achieved in a few Governmental offices, the result of Hayes' Administration was to bring Civil-service Reform into disrepute. The vitality and strength of the reform movement was shown by nothing more than by the fact that it could live and prosper after Hayes had done everything to make it ridiculous. The Chicago Convention of 1890 at first wanted to ignore the reform question entirely; such was the impression made by the performances of the Republican President.

It has been claimed, however, that at least the financial achievements of the Hayes Administration were great. Even this claim was unfounded. Hayes found the Resumption act on the statute book. All that his Administration did in the way of preparation was to issue bonds to the amount of some ninety millions at a time when the Government enjoyed unlimited credit. But before the day of resumption arrived Congress passed an act which amounted to a repeal of some of its most important features. It prohibited the redemption of the greenbacks, and it revoked the authority for their reduction to three hundred millions independently of specie payments. This bill was approved by Hayes. For the high credit of the Government which made the refunding operations possible he deserves no more praise than for the bountiful crops and the magnificent results of the tenth census. After the expiration of the Hayes Administration a second-rate Minnesota politician was able to secure still better terms for Government loans than the "great financier" from Ohio. In this connection it should always be remembered that Hayes, instead of contributing to the reduction of the public burden, made it larger than he found it at the beginning of his Administration, by his approval of the Pension Arrears swindle. He might have done much to let the country forget the shameful origin of the power, but he failed to do this. Though the Republican party was a whole new repudiation of him, it was responsible for him. This fact ought to be impressed upon the public mind.

while the two parties are preparing for a new National contest.—*Buffalo Courier.*

## The Decay of the Republican Party.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Tribune*, professes to be satisfied with the prospects of the Republican party. It said yesterday:

"Having nothing to hide, it can nominate new men, or men who have been long identified with its history, as circumstances in each case may dictate. It will not be foolish enough to pretend that in every particular every Administration, including that of President Arthur, has met its highest aspirations, and yet it will have no occasion or desire to discover or disown that Administration, as a whole, or any other, on the contrary, it can claim public thanks and honor for the general conduct of the Government under the present Administration."

Who are these "new men" in the Republican party that can be nominated? Who are the "old" leaders "long identified with its history" of whom the *Tribune* speaks? Has the Republican party not been lately engaged in physically, mentally or morally assassinating nearly every one of its former chieftains? Is there a single former Presidential candidate or leader "long identified with its history" left alive?

Take the Presidential candidates at the Chicago Convention. Is there one of them still seriously considered? Blaine, Grant, Washburne, Windom and Sherman were the five principal contestants at Chicago. Where are they now?

Grant, the great "silent man," now dabbles in stocks as the silent partner of brokers in Wall street. Blaine, the formerly popular "plumed knight," is out of the Senate, out of the Cabinet, out of his former element, retired to private life, absorbed in building a railroad and writing a book.

Windom is out of the Treasury, out of the Senate, out of his former State out of all Presidential consideration, trying to make a living in Wall street by forming another stock exchange.

Sherman, though in the Senate and a man of ability, has lost his prestige and prominence. He is no longer in the public mind.

Garfield is dead—murdered by a Republican spoils politician.

And where are the Republican candidates for the Presidency in 1896—where are they?

Morton is dead. Bristow—who even remembers that Bristow once was the great "reform" candidate for the Presidency with serious prospects of success? Bristow, well, Bristow is pretty completely out of politics.

Conkling, the ablest and most daring leader of them all, has retired to practice law.

Hayes, who carried off the prize and served through his fraudulent term, has sunk into the obscurity to which he is so eminently fitted.

Who, then, is there left of the "old" Republican leaders?

Edmunds seems to be the last of the Mohicans—the only one of the old chiefs who still has political life and is available.

But the *Tribune* speaks of "new men" the Republican party can nominate. Who are the "new" men who have taken the places of the old chiefs?

Is it, perhaps, the great and distinguished Senator Miller, of wood-pulp fame? Or is it the great and distinguished Senator Lapham, of this State? He is a new man, indeed, as successor to Conkling.

Or is it that extraordinary mediocrity, Keifer? Or is it ex-Secretary Robeson, the leader of the last Republican House? Or did possibly the *Tribune* mean Senator Tabor, of Colorado, the latest of the "new" Republican stars, Senators and leaders?

The decay of the Republican party is perfectly manifest and is owing to natural causes. Political parties depend upon leaders and issues. All the issues that have enabled the Republican party to remain in power for the last twenty-three years are practically settled. The Union is restored. The war is over and almost forgotten. Slavery is abolished. Reconstruction is a reminiscence. The greenback is as good as gold. For over a dozen years profound peace has now reigned throughout the land. Instead of political, physical or financial disorders we have a stronger, a better and a more powerful Union than ever before.

Upon what issue, then, and under what leader can the Republican party have the audacity to ask for a continuance of that National power which it has already held for over twenty-three years—almost invariably against the clearly known will of the majority—held, first, through the war; next to the disfranchisement of a part of the Union; next through open and shameless fraud, and last, through self-confessed bribery and intimidation of voters?—*N. Y. World.*

Men avail themselves of the most trifling pretext for committing suicide nowadays. Here is a Pennsylvania farmer choking himself to death with a second-hand rope because some lazy workman did not finish his new barn in the time specified. And it was but a little while ago that a man cut his throat because he had more furniture than he could load onto a wagon at one time. The first thing we know some reckless man will blow his brains out because he can not join two sections of stove-pipe.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A gentleman in Manchester, Eng., claims to have succeeded in applying orange peel to a very useful purpose. Orange peel dried in or on an oven until all the moisture has been expelled becomes readily inflammable, and serves admirably for lighting fires or for resuscitating them when they have nearly gone out. Thoroughly dried orange peel will keep for a long time, and might be collected when the fruit is in season and stored for winter use.

The ladies of Anite City, La., who have gone into the silk-worm business, instead of selling the cocoons, propose to spin and sell their own silk, and will have woven fabrics on exhibition at the New Orleans Exposition next year.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Country boys at the age of fifteen average about one inch taller and seven pounds heavier than city boys of the same age.

Philadelphia has two base-ball clubs composed of colored women.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Any young man is made better by a sister's love. It is not necessary to be his own sister.

—Why would a compliment from a rooster be an insult? Because it would be in fowl language.

—Some may write poetry and paint plaques, but the world must also have those who will dig and raise potatoes. The potato people are most useful.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Twenty-eight years ago the first train passed over the suspension bridge at Niagara. Had it only known enough to run over a back driver, the anniversary would now be a national holiday.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—A Pittsburgh minister will preach to-morrow on "Why some men do not enjoy their religion." It is probably due to the difficulty always experienced by those who try to enjoy what they haven't got.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—The farmer who is certain that he can beat an express train at a highway crossing may slip over safely two or three times, but his wife, if a prudent woman, will begin saving up butter and eggs to buy mourning with.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An aristocratic papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather surprising reply: "Certainly, which one would you prefer, the waitress or the cook?"

—A New Haven woman has given \$20,000 for a sanitarium for sick animals. Ah, ha; now Osear Wilde will have some place to go when he comes back to this country, "play actin'." He will need some place like that after his first night.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—This touching little incident is from the Rochester (N. Y.) Post. One rises from his perch with mixed feelings: "A beautiful young girl was about to be married to a bachelor seventy years of age, but very rich. On the eve of her marriage she learned that his wealth had been suddenly swept away, leaving him a penniless old man. Did the noble girl desert him in this hour of trouble? She did indeed, and her parents helped her, too."

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In England thin shavings of veneer of different kinds of wood are coming into use as book-covers.

—Coal-tar-sugar is the latest discovery. Its chief advantage over the ordinary sugar is its superior sweetness.

—The latest thing claimed in photography is taking pictures on the skin, which are as indelible as the work of the tattoo artist.

—A Baltimore genius has invented a new life-saving apparatus for hotels. It is a valve that closes with a spring, and shuts off the supply of gas as soon as the flame is blown out.

—An idea of the importance that electricity and electric appliances is beginning to assume may be gained from the number of patents granted on these things last year—1,153. Of this number 258 patents were granted on electric lighting, and only two on electric burglar alarms.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The first successful attempt to make steel by the basic process in America, was that at Harrisburg, Pa., recently under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Steel Company. By this process, ores containing a great deal of phosphorus can be used, a great advantage over the Bessemer, as the ore is abundant, cheap, and near the works.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—M. Pasteur tells the Academy of Sciences at Paris that wonderful results are being obtained in the work of vaccinating live stock as a preventive against disease. During the last year 80,000 sheep, about 4,000 head of cattle and 500 horses have been vaccinated. Before this system was introduced the annual loss from liver-rot in one department was one per cent, while the loss since then has been reduced over one-half.

—Dr. Clauston, an Edinburgh physician, says: "All acute mental diseases, like most nervous diseases, tend to thinness of body, and therefore all foods and all medicines and all treatments that fatten are good. To my assistants and nurses and patients I preach the gospel of fatness as the great antidote to the exhausting tendencies of the disease we have to treat, and it would be well if all people of nervous constitution would obey this gospel."

—The electricity generated by the machinery in one of the great Harmony Mills at Cohoes, owing to peculiar conditions which are not perfectly understood, has of late so charged the atmosphere as to affect the employees unpleasantly. Various attempts were made without result to remove the nuisance, but at last a network of wires running through the mill has been successfully employed to collect the electricity and conduct it to the ground.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

## The Primary School.

The Philadelphia *Times* very pertinently speaks a good word for the primary school, which nowadays is somewhat to be neglected. "There is," it says, "very much talk about the higher education, but it is the lower education that is really important to most of us, and there is no more gratifying evidence of progress than the gradually developed recognition among those who have charge of our public educational system of the essential importance of the primary schools. The work of the primary schools is the foundation and the main structure of all public education. Many children never go beyond this, and in every case it is the first bending of the twig that determines the inclination of the tree. We have been giving attention in Philadelphia to high schools and grammar schools, which are for the few; the primary and secondary schools, which are for the many, have been left too much to chance and to the ignorant blundering of imperfectly educated teachers."

—A Seitate (R. I.) man thought it would be funny to send a bogus marriage notice to the Providence *Journal*. But since he has found that he is likely to have to pay a good round fine for his joke, his ideas of comic journalism have materially changed.

## Our Young Folks.

### SUSIE'S DOLLIES.

"I tink," said little Susie, "I'd like to go to bed, For I'm so very sleepy I tant hold up my head."

"But first I'll tise my dollies, Or else I'm fain they'd say Their 'tittle murver Susie Was lost and runned away."

So tiptoe stepped the darling, To where, in gentile pride, Her new French doll was lying— A doll that laughed and cried.

"Dood-night," she said, "sweet Lucie; I hope you'll feel at home, And not be awful sorry To live with me you've come."

Then Susie passed to Emma, A child with gypsy face, And golden ringlets tangled— A dolly in disgrace.

"You naughty, naughty Emma, You've broke my heart this day; I do not like to say it, You try for your own way!"

"But now I must forgive you, Or else I touldn't sleep; Be sure you're dood to-morrow! Your hair is such a heap."

One more—poor homely Maggie! A baby made of rags, With darkly-pencilled features, And fingers stiff as tags.

And Susie in a rapture Caught up the ugly thing— "You are the bestest baby, The sweetest, dearest thing."

And in her soft arms cradled, Held close beside her head, And snuggled up to Susie, Poor Maggie went to bed.

—Margaret E. Sawyer, in "Our Young Companions."

## "STRAIGHTENING OUT THE FURROWS."

Well, I never saw anything like that Captain Crofts round that old lady in all my life. He's dancing attendance from morning till night, and, sakes alive! if he isn't trying on her sun-bonnet for her. Well, I never! Wonder what 'twould seem like to have my Billy grown up to be as attentive as that? And the voice, half scornful at first, took on a longing, yearning expression, suggestive of fearful eyes, at the mention of "my Billy."

The speaker, Mrs. Bowles, lived in Seaport, usually spoken of as a fishing village, owing to the fact that many fishermen had lived there in years gone by; but the town was an old one, and possessing great natural attractions, and being a suburban town, many fine residences now graced its winding avenues.

About two years before, a weather-beaten, sun-burnt man, unmistakably a sailor, had bought a tasteful little cottage near the beach. This he had fitted up, beautified and embellished, until Mrs. Harris declared it to be a "perfect pink of a place."

Over this pretty house Cap'n Sam, as the boys had learned to call the genial man, had installed his white-haired mother as mistress and chief, and a more attentive, loving son, it would appear, had never lived.

In a small barn at the rear of the cottage was kept a fine, steady horse, and a low basket carriage, and every fair day the Captain and his mother "went abroad," as Mrs. Bowles expressed it, on long, pleasant drives.

As we have hinted, Cap'n Sam was a great favorite among the boys of the place. Who else would harness up the sturdy horse into a big wagon, and give them such grand drives upon occasion? Then the great hickory and chestnut trees at the foot of his lot were free for the boys to visit as often as they liked, only they must never damage in any way the fine old branches, but when it came to spinning a yarn, ah, then who so beguiling, nay, so perfectly bewitching, as the sea-bronzed man.

It had long ago become a subject for harmless bantering among the boys, and rather relished than otherwise by the Captain, that he was gallant and unceasingly attentive to his "sweetheart," "My fair old sweetheart," he had once in their hearing called his mother, and they, of course, lively little wretches that they were, would never forget it.

But one day the boys, quite a little crowd of them, found their old Cap'n Sam on the rocks at the beach. There were breakers that afternoon, and particularly at such times it was a favorite diversion with the seafaring man to sit high on the rocky beach and watch his "second love," the sounding sea.

It was at times like these the boys delighted to find their old friend, and coax him for one of their "heart's delights," which he well knew meant a tory of tempestuous seas or foreign lands.

But on this particular afternoon the Captain was brooding soberly, a habit he often had when by himself, and this time he couldn't throw off the mood, even at the approach of the merry boys.

In vain the better reared of them battered, declaring "he had a jilting, but never mind, they expected to be jilted themselves in time to come," while the less mannerly Billy Bowles guessed "there'd been a caudle lecture at home."

At length, partly emerging from his brown study, the Captain said, soberly: "Boys, do you know what I've been trying to do every day for the last two years?"

"Oh, why, for certain they knew all about it, they—the merry youngsters of the town."

"Been a-courtin', chiefly," Jimmy Hollis observed, while Freddie Hollis remarked, "he'd worn himself all out a-pettin' his sweetheart."

That last opinion evidently struck the tender spot, and the boys found that for once Cap'n Sam was in no mood for jokes or banter, and being very quick to see which way the wind blew, the kind sailor a few minutes later addressed to a row of very serious young faces what one boy afterwards termed a "perfect brick of a sermon."

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two years to straighten out furrows—and I can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise towards the Captain's neatly-kept place. "Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad. I don't mean land furrows," continued the Captain, so soberly that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on:

"When I was a lad about the age of you boys, I was what they called a 'hard case,' not exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild. Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray and

punish—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her, but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in life. I knew it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious and old. After awhile, tiring of all restraint, I ran away, went off to sea; and a rough time I had of it at first. Still, I liked the water, and liked journeying around from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something beside empty letters. And such beautiful letters as she always wrote me during those years of cruel absence. At length I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of the son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear waiting soul.

"So when I could stand it no longer, I came back; and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair, and the deep furrows on her brow; and I knew how I had helped bleach that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines in that smooth forehead. And those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out."

"But last night, while mother sat sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made."

"Her face was very peaceful, and the expression content as possible, but the furrows were still there! I hadn't straightened them out—and I never shall never!"

"When they lay my mother—my fair old sweetheart—in the casket, there will be furrows in her brow; and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parents' counsels now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide my lads, it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddie Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddie, my boy," said the quavery voice of the strong man, "you can not undo the past. 'You may as much as atone for it, do much to make the rough path smooth, but you can't straighten out the old furrows, my lads; remember that!'"—*Christian Weekly.*

## The Little Grumbler.

Some boys are always complaining, no matter whether they have a dozen toys or a hundred marbles, they are still dissatisfied if any one else has one more than they. Just such a boy was Jimmie. His mamma was often made very sorry, after buying him some pretty toy, by having him say: "I don't like that. Why did you not get me a better one? Frank's mamma got him a nicer one than that."

Upon the day which we are going to tell about, which was Easter, Jimmie's mamma colored some eggs for him; there was a red one, a blue one, a brown one and a purple one.

Thinking to surprise him, mamma hid them until he went out and then she laid them in his crib, covering them with the quilt. When he came in she told him to look and see what was there; instead of being pleased and thanking her he said: "There are only four. Willie's father bought him six; I never have things like other boys."

This so disgusted papa that he shut him up in the closet, saying that he could not come out until he asked mamma to forgive him for his rudeness, and promised never to be bad again.

When the door was closed Jimmie could see nothing, and he had almost made up his mind to do as papa said when the door opened and a little old woman in a blue gown and Quaker bonnet put her head in the closet and said: "Dear me! what a bad papa you must have to shut you up in this way; wouldn't you like to come with me? I would never put you in a closet like this, and will give you all the eggs you want."

The little old woman spoke so kindly that Jimmie sprang up, took her hand and went with her.

Upon reaching the street she led him through narrow, crooked streets which seemed full of little boys carrying brown bags, who popped out of doorways and from around corners until there were quite a crowd of them.

Suddenly the old woman turned into a little alley which led into a wide yard with tall houses all about it; here the old woman told him to wait until she came back, and she disappeared through one of the doorways.

As soon as the door closed behind her the little boys with brown bags gathered about him in a circle.

Suddenly the little old woman came to one of the upper windows and clapped her hands.

As soon as she did so each of the boys drew an egg from his bag and threw it at Jimmie. The little boy cried and tried to break through the ring, but whichever way he ran he was met by a boy with an egg who drove him back. The new suit which Aunt Lou had bought him was soon spoiled, and the collar which mamma had ironed herself was all yellow from the eggs.

All this time the little old woman clapped her hands and told the boys to throw harder, crying: "That's what you get for being unkind to mamma. Frank has two more than you, has he? Give him two more, boys," and then she laughed so wildly that Jimmie grew cold with fear. At last he could bear it no longer, and shrieked: "Mamma! Mamma! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'll never be bad again!"

In another moment he was in mamma's arms, being hugged and kissed as though he was the best boy in the world.

Of course he had fallen asleep and dreamt it all, and there was no little old woman nor boys with brown bags. But it made Jimmie altogether a different boy. He was never heard to complain again, and only the other day he told mamma that if he had known how happy it made him to be good he never would